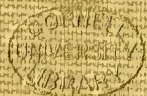


DS
3521
68L7



CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



FROM

C. S. Northup

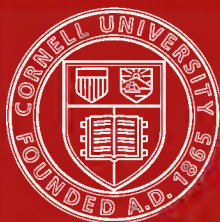
Cornell University Library
PS 3521.L68L7

Little dust and other poems with decorat



3 1924 021 751 841

okn



Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924021751841>

Little Dust and Other Poems

By Richard R. Kirk

Little Dust and Other Poems

By Richard R. Kirk
With Decorations by Jan W. Vonesh



CHICAGO
THE BOOKFELLOWS
CHRISTMAS, 1920

One thousand copies of this bookly joy have been printed for THE BOOKFELLOWS by Luther Albertus Brewer, Bookfellow No. 14, just before Christmas, 1920.

Acknowledgment is made to Contemporary Verse and The Boston Transcript for permission to republish poems in this booklet.

Mr. Kirk the author is Bookfellow No. 249 and Mr. Vonesh the illustrator is Bookfellow No. 15.

*Copyright 1920 by
Flora Warren Seymour*

THE TORCH PRESS
CEDAR RAPIDS
IOWA

Little Dust and Other Poems



LITTLE DUST



UNTIL I saw the little dust
Of Cæsar in an urn
I thought with those who say, We go
And never more return.

But when I saw the little dust
That would not mend a wall,
I knew that God could never make
Myself or you so small.

GOD STOOPS

As children gather flowers,
So fain is God to gather
The fragrant flowers that blossom
In His garden.

The little prayers that brush His garment's hem,
God stoops to gather them.

WE VISIT MY ESTATE

That cloud, now! — Just below that strip of blue! —
You like it? — That's mine too!

SO BROTHERLY!

A tree, as I
Was passing by,
Took off my hat,
And laughed thereat!
Good comrade tree!
To laugh with me.

I laid me down
With face a-frown;
A little brook
With laughter shook.
Then, comrade true,
I laughed with you!
In meadow land
On either hand
They greeted me
So brotherly! . . .

REWARDS

Who may this flower be,
I can guess;
And whose the loveliness
Of that fair tree;
But who became this stone,
I do not know;
Some coldly cruel one
Of long ago.

THE MAKE-BELIEVE

As I bent down to spy a flower,
Or reached to touch a spray,
Or shut my eyes to hear a bird,
You smiled and slipped away.

I know my part, and look and look,
Feign wonder, go resigned.
It's yonder rock or yonder tree
That keeps me, seeing, blind.

THE SUN KEPT IN

I think the Sun will be right glad again,
To see our Garden, after all this rain!

HASTE

I dream, I dream, I dream . . .
I run, I run
To catch my dream, a bubble in the sun
I see but cannot touch,
I love and love o'ermuch!
I dream, I dream, and day is almost done.
I run, I run . . . and, oh, the stars o'erhead,
And oh, the flowers, the sweet bruised flowers
I tread!

MY LITTLE DONKEY

My little donkey sometimes overlooks
My garden like a reader of strange books,
As if to say, *Why flowers!* Dear little ass!
Too honest to deny that *you* love *grass!*

WHAT MEN DISPRIZE

Wise talk of foolish things
I cannot prize;
I must talk like a child,
Of rivers and mountains and skies.
For a child's heart I yearn,
And for a child's eyes,
To see, for a day and a night,
What men disprize.

IN THOUGHT

You, in my thought of you,
Are like a blossom on a tree;
And only I can touch you there, —
I, who at will am bird or bee!

O FOOLISH PETALS!

O foolish petals! with the first gay breeze,
To leave the green tranquility of trees!



THE SUN-DIAL

My roses cannot see the dial's face ;
My bees have their own creed ;
The silly birds that flit from place to place
Will never learn to read ;
Only I and you, idle and wise,
Know how time flies !

OUR CONSIDERATE CAT

Our cat for music has no ear,
Yet sings despite.
I guess she thinks we cannot hear
By night.

CUP-BEARERS

God makes us children first
That we may fill
Cups for the years of thirst
On every hill,
And pluck from every tree
Fair fruits of Memory
For the years that are to be.

DEFLOWERED

Deflowered, yet sweet with summer fragrances,
O Garden! you and I have memories,
Though every leaf be fallen from our trees!

FLIGHT

Time has a way
Of banishing
From each to-day
Some lovely thing;
From each to-day
Some thing loved most
Time thrusts away,
'Tis spent, 'tis lost!

Time has a way, alas! —
Time has a way!

LATE

It is soon by the clock,
I need not go
For an hour or so

It is soon by the clock,
But alas, alas!
"Half-past life"
By my looking-glass!

ETERNALS

Impress of lightest things —
Small hands impressed
Upon my breast,
A tiny head
Upon my shoulder laid —
These things
Grave deeply their dear pattern and remain,
Where fallen empires only leave a stain.

CANDLES

O little cousins of the stars
That shine in Heaven's holy tree,
Shine brightly in this tree, our Christmas Tree!
And light our way to gifts withholden
Only to gild them more divinely golden!
As shine the stars in Heaven's tree,
Shine brightly in our Christmas Tree,
O little cousins of the stars!

A SINGER

Because he could not soar with birds
Above the tallest trees,
He made a little toy of words
To mock their melodies.

Because he could not mount that hill
Abloom with stars by night,
He made of rose and daffodil
A lowlier heart's-delight.

TO GIVE YOU WONDER

To give you once again,
In this still hour,
This coolness after rain,
This leaf, this flower
Within your hand, and your old wonderings:
What is it flowers in flowers? What lives?
What sings?
Perhaps you know now! Is that knowing worth
Your wonder at the wonders of the earth?

THE SMALLER VOICE

When March winds blustered, I believed
The snowdrop's truer prophesy;
And, lo, to-day the world's in flower for me!

BUTTERCUP-BUTTERFLY

I saw you, butterfly,
Down by the brook that runs through the meadow,
On a thick green stalk.
Now you flutter where you will,
On two yellow petals.

THE DARK ; WITH STARS

The Dark was made too small to cover
The beautiful blue Sky all over ;
On either side of it there's blue.
The Dark is thin in places too,
And lets the Day-light twinkle through.

CROCUSES AND DAFFODILS

The mother garden has a brood
Of crocuses and daffodils ;
I think she found them in the wood,
And brought them homeward o'er the hills.

They shook and shivered in the wind,
As little ducks and goslings do
When they are only *minutes old*
And everything is strange and new.

THE IMAGE-BREAKER

A fool,
Tossing a pebble in a pool,
Cried: "Ah, stars, how
Fares it, your shining, now!"

THE KEY

What if the door shut-to
Leave darkness there within?
How shall I hope to win
The light of life anew?
Thou art the prison-door, and faith in Thee
My candle and my key!

